

*Falst.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Falst.* Their points being broken,

*Poynes.* Downe fell his hose.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the elenen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

*Falst.* But as the diuell would haue it, three mis-begotten knaues, in kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horseforn obscene greasie tallow-catch.

*Falst.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall greene, when it was so darke thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason, What sayest thou to this?

*Poynes.* Come, your reason, lacke, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the rackes in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plenty as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fal.* Zbloud you starueling, you elfskin, you dried neats-tongue, buls-pizzel, you stockefish: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but this.

*Poynes.* Marke, lacke.

*Prin.* We two, saw you foure, set on foure, and bound them, and were masters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe: then did wee two set on you foure, and with a

word, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house: and Falstalffe, you carried your guts away as nimble, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and still run and roare, as euer I heard bul-calse. What a slaue art thou to hacke thy sword as thou hast done? and then say it was in fight. What tricke? what deuce? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poin.* Come, lets heare, lacke, what tricke hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare you, my masters, was it for me, to kill the heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but, beware instinct, the Lyon will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, heartes of gold, all the titles of good fellowshippe come to you. What, shall we be merrie, shall we haue a play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* A, no more of that Hal, & thou louest me. *Enter hostesse.*

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now, my Lady the hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Ho.* Marry, my L, there is a noble-man of the court, at doore would speake with you: he saies, he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother,

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Ho.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee do, lacke. *Fal.* Faith, and Ile send him packing.

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fie.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran when I saw others runne.

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*Prin.*